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THE Counter-Scuffle.

Whereunto is added

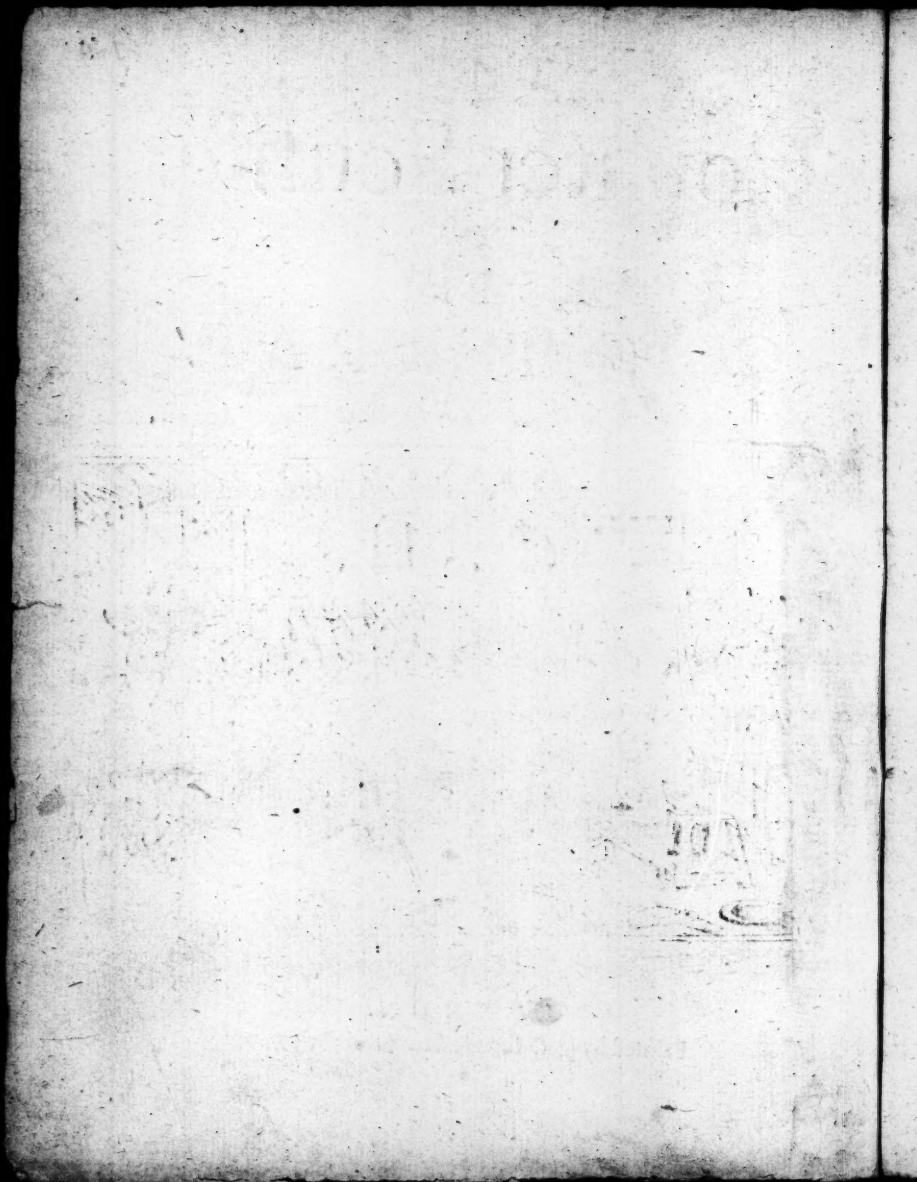
THE COUNTER-RAT.

Written by R. S.



L O N D O N :

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THE
COUNTER-
SCUFFLE.

L Et that Majestick Pen that writes
Of brave K. *Arthur* and his Knights,
And of their noble Feats and Fights :
And those who tell of Mice and Froggs,
And of the skirmishes of Hogges,
And of fierce *Bears*, and Mastive *Doggs*,
be silent.

And now let each one listen well,
While I the Famous Battell tell,
In *Woodstreet-Counter* that befell
in high Lent,
In which great *Scuffle* only twain,
Without much hurt, or being slain,
Immortal honour did obtain

by merit.
One

The Counter-Scuffle.

One was a *Captain* in degree,
A strong and lusty man was he,
T'other a *Trades-man* bold and free

of Spirit.

And though he was no man of force,
He had a stomach like a Horse,
And in his rage had no remorse

or pity.

Full nimble could he cuff and clout,
And was accounted, without doubt,
One of the prettiest sparks about

The City.

And at his weapon any way
He could perform a single fray,
Even from the long Pike to the *Tay-*

lors Bodkin.

He reckt not for his flesh a jot,
He fear'd nor *Englishman* nor *Scot*,
For *Man* or *Monster* car'd he not

a Dodkin,

For fighting was his recreation,
And like a man in Desperation,
For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*

he car'd not ;
And

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And in his anger (cause being given)
To lift his hand 'gainst good Sir Steven,
Or any *Justice* under Heaven,

he fear'd not,

He durst his enemy withstand,
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis* Sand,
And bravely there with Sword in hand
would greet him.

And noble *Ehis* was his name,
Who 'mongst his foes to purchase fame,
Not cared though the Devil came
to meet him.

And this brave *Goldsmith* was the man,
Who first this worthy Brawl began,
Which after ended in a Can

of mild Beer.

But had you seen him when he fought,
How eagerly for blood he fought,
There's no man but would have him thought
a wild Bear.

Imagine now you see a score
Of mad-cap Gentlemen, or more,
Boys that did use to roist and rore,

and swagger.

Among

The Counter-Scuffle.

Among the which were three or four,
That rul'd themselves by wisdoms lore,
Whose very Grandfires scarcely wore
a Dagger.

A *Priest* and *Lawyer*, men well read
In wiping Spoons and chipping Bread,
And falling to, short Grace being sed,
full roundly :

Whose hungry maws no Sallers need
Good appetites therein to breed,
Their stomacks without sauce could feed
profoundly.

'Twas ill that men of sober diet,
Who lov'd to fill their guts in quiet,
Were plac'd with *Ruffins* that to riot
were given :

And (O great grief!) even from their food
(Their Stomacks too, being strong & good)
And that sweet place whereon it stood,
be driven.

But here 'tis fitting I repeat
What food our dainty prisoners eat.
But if in placing of the meat
and Dishes,
From

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From curious order I do swerve,
'Tis that themselves did none observe,
For which nor flesh they did deserve,
nor Fishes.

But some (perhaps) will say that Lent
Affords them not what here is ment,
So much, so good ; and that they went
without it

'Tis like : but if I add a Dish,
Or twain, or three, of Flesh or Fish,
They either had, or did it wish,
ne're doubt it.

Then wipe your mouths, while I declare
The goodness of this Lenten fare,
Which is in Prison very rare,

I tell ye.

Furmity as sweet as any *Nut*,
As good as ever swill'd a Gut,
And butter sweet as e're was put

The Supper

in Belly.

Eggs by the dozen, new and good,
Which in white Salt uprightly stood,
And meats which heat and stir the bloud
to action.

As

The Counter-Scuffle.

As butter'd *Crabs*, and *Lobsters* red,
Which send the married pair to bed,
And in loose bloods have often bred
a Faction.

Fish butter'd to the platters brim,
And Parsnips did in butter swim,
Strew'd o' re with Pepper neat and trim,
Salt Salmon.

Smelts cry'd, Come eat me, do not stay;
Fresh-Cod and *Maids* full neatly lay,
And next to these a lusty Ba-
con Gammon

Stuck thick with Cloves upon the back,
Well stuf with Sage, and for the smack,
Daintily strew'd with Pepper black.
Sons'd Gurnet,

Pickrell, *Sturgeon*, *Tench* and *Trout*,
Meat far too good for such a rout,
To tumble, roste, and throw about,
and spurn it.

The next a *Neats-tongue* neatly dryde,
Mustard and *Sugar* by his side,
Roches butter'd, *Flounders* fryde,
Hot Custard.
Eels

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Eels boyl'd & broyl'd; and next they bring
Herring, that is the *Fishes King*,
And then a Courtly *Poul of Ling*
and *Mustard*.

But stay, I had almost forgot
The flesh which still stands piping hot,
Some from the Spit, some from the *Poq*
new taken:

A *Shoulder* and a *Leg of Mutton*,
As good as ever Knife was put on,
Which never were by a true *Glutton*
forsaken.

A *Loyn of Veal* that would have dar'd
One of the hungriest of the *Guard*;
And they sometimes will feed full hard,
Like tall men,

And such as love the *Lusty Chine*;
But when that I shall Sup or Dine,
God grant they be no *Guests* of mine,
of all men.

Thus the Descriptions are compleat,
Which I have made of Men and Meat.
Mars ayd me now while I repeat

The Battel,
Where

The Counter-Scuffle.

Where Pots and Stools were us'd as gins
To break each others Heads and Shins,
Where blows did make bones in their skins
And Bellies to rattle ;
Where men to madness never ceast,
Till each (furious as a Beast)
Had spoyl'd the fashion of a Feast
And full dainty ;
Whereon (had they not been accurst)
They might have fed till Bellies burst :
But Ellis shew'd himself the worst
Of twenty.
For he began this monstrous braull,
Which afterward incens'd them all
To throw the meat about the Hall
And that Even
And now give ear unto the jar
That fell between these men of War ,
Wherein so many a harmless skar
was given.
The boord thus furnisht , each man sate ,
Some fell to feeding, some to prate ,
'Mong whom a jarring question strait
was risen.
For

For they grew hotly in dispute,
 What Calling was of most repute;
 'Twas well their wits were so acute,
 in prison.

While they discours'd, the Parson blythe
 Fed as he meant to have the Tythe
 Of every Dish, being sharp as Sythe,
 in feeding.

But haste had almost made him choke,
 Or else (perhaps) he would have spoke
 In praise of his long-thred-bare Cloke
 and breeding.

But after a deliberate pause,
 The Lawyer spoke, as he had cause,
 In commendation of the Laws
 profession ;

The Law (quoth he) by a just doom
 Doth censure all that to it come,
 And still defend the innocent from
 oppression ;

It favours truth, it curbs the hope
 Of vice ; it gives allegiance scope,
 Provides a Gallows and a Rope
 for treason.

The Counter-Senſible.

This doth the *Law*, and this is it
Which makes us here in priſon ſit;
Which grounded is on holy Writ
And reaſon.

To which all men muſt ſubject be,
As we by daily proof doe ſee,
From higheſt to the loweſt degree;

The Scholer,
Noble, and Rich: It doth ſubdue
The Souldier and his ſwaggering true;
But at that word the *Captain* grew

In choler;
He lookt full grim, and at firſt words
Rapt out an Oath, then ſhook the Board,
And ſtruck his Fiſt, that the ſound-board did

Like Thunder;
It made all ſkip, that ſtood him neare,
The frighted *Cuſtodian* ſtole his feare,
And thoſe that heard in ſtricken were
with wonder;

Nought did he now but frown and puffe,
And having ſtar'd and ſmote enough;
Thus he began in language rough

Thou cogging
Baſe

Base foysting *Lawyer*, that dost set
Thy mind on nothing, but to get
Thy living by thy damned pet-

tifogging,

A Slave, that shall for halfe a Crown,
VVith Buckram Bag, and daggled Gown,
VVait like a Dog about the Town,

And follow

A Busines on the Devils part
For Fees, though not with Law nor Art,
But head as empty as thy heart

Is hollow ;

You stay at home and pocket Fees,
VVhile we aboard our bloods do leese,
And then with such base terms as these

Your wrong us ;

But *Lawyer*, it is safer farre
For thee to prattle at a Barre,
Than once to shew thy face i' th' warre

Among us ;

VVhere to defend such thankless Hinds
The *Souldier* little quiet finds,
But is expos'd to stormy winds

And weathers,

And

The Counter-Scuffle.

And oft in bloud he wades full deep,
Your throats from forain Swords to keep,
And wakes when you securely sleep
in feathers.

What could your *Laws* and *Statutes* do
Against invasions of a *Fee*,
Did not the valiant *Souldier* go
to quell'em?

And to prevent your further harms,
With Ensigne, Fife, and loud Alarms
Of warlike Drum, by force of Arms
repell'em?

Your *Trespasse-Action* will not stand,
For setting foot upon your Land,
When they in scorn of your command
come hither :

No remedy in *Courts* of *Pauls*,
In *Common-Pleas*, or in the *Rouls*,
For jouling of your *jobbernontes*
together.

Were't not for us, thou *Swad* (quoth he)
VVhere wouldst thou *Fog* to get a *Fee*?
But to defend such things as thee,
'tis pittie.
For

The Counter-Scuffle.

For, such as thou esteem us least,
 Who ever have been ready prest
 To guard you and the *Cuckoos* nest,
 your City.

That very word made *Ellis* start,
 And all his bloud ran to his heart;
 He shook, and quak'd in every part
 with anger:

He lookt as if nought might assuage
 The heat of his enflamed Rage;
 His very countenance did presage
 some danger.

A *Cuckoos* nest? quoth he, and so
 He hum'd, and held his head full low,
 As if distracted thoughts did o-
 verpress him.

At length, quoth he, my Mother sed,
 At *Bristow* she was brought abed,
 And there was *Ellis* born and bred,
 (God bless him.)

Of *London-City* I am free,
 And there I first my *Wife* did see,
 And for that very cause, quoth he,
 I love it.
 And:

The Counter-Scuffle.

And he that calls it *Cuckoos nest*,
Except he says he speaks in just,
He is a Villain and a Beast,

Ile prove it :

This I'll maintain, nor do I care
Though *Captain Pot-gun* stamp and stare,
And swagger, swear, and tear his hair
in fury ;

And with the hazzard of my blood
I'll fight up to the knees in mud,
But I will make my quarrel good,

Assure ye.

For though I am a man of Trade,
And free of *London-City* made,
Yet can I use *Gun, Bill, and Blade*

In Battell ;

And *Citizens* ; if need require,
Themselves can force the *Foe* retire,
Whatever this *Low-Country* Squire

Do prattle ;

For we have *Souldiers* of our own,
Able enough to guard the Town,
And *Captains* of most fair Renown

About it ;

If

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If any Foe should fight amain,
And set on us with all his Train;
VVe'll make him to retire again,
Nere doubt it.

VVe have fought well in dangers past,
And will do while our lives do last,
VWithouth the help of any cast

Commanders

That hither come, compell'd by want,
VWith rusty Swords, and Suits provant;
From *Utrick*, *Numigen*, or *Gaunt*

In *Flanders*.

The *Captain* could no longer hold;
But looking fiercely, plainly told
The Citizen, he was too bold,

and call'd him

Proud Boy, and for his saucy speech
Did vow shortly to whip his breech:
Then *Ellis* snatcht the pot, with which

he mall'd him. *The Scuffle.*

He threw the Jugge, and therewithal
Did give the *Captain* such a mall
As made him thump against the wall

his Crupper.

C

VWith

The Counter-Scuffle.

With that the *Captain* took a Dish
That stood brim-full of butter'd Fish,
As good as any heart could wish

To Supper :

And as he threw, his foot did slide,
Which turn'd his Arm and Dish aside,
And all be-butterfishide

Nick Ballat :

And he (good man) did none disease ;
But sitting quiet and at his easie,
With butter'd *Rockets* sought to please
his palat.

But when he felt the wrong he had,
He rag'd and swore, and grew stark mad ;
Some in the Room been better had

without him ;

For he took hold of any thing ;
And first he caught the *Poul* of *Ling*,
Which he courageously did fling

about him :

Out of his hand it flew apace,
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,
Who at the Board in highest place

was seated.

And

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And as the *Lawyer* thought to rise,
The Salt was thrown into his eyes,
VVhich him of sight in woful wise

defeated.

All things near hand, *Nick Ballat* threw ;
At length his butter'd *Rockets* flew,
And hit by chance, among the crew,

The Parson :

The Sauce his Coat did all bewet,
The *Priest* began to fume and fret,
The Seat was butter'd which he set

His -----on :

He knew not what to do or say,
It was in vain to *Preach* or *Pray*,
Or cry, *Ton are all gone astray*,

Good people :

He might as well go strive to teach
Divinity beyond his reach ;
Or when the Bells ring out, go preach
i'th' Steeple.

At this mischance the silly man
Out of the Room would fain have ran,
And very angerly began

to mutter.

The Counter-Scuffle.

Ill luck had he, for after that
One threw the *Parsneps* full of Fat ;
VVhich stuck like Broaches in his Hat
with Butter.

Out of the place he soon repairs,
And ran half headlong down the Stairs,
And made complaint to Master *Aires*
with crying.

Up ran he to know the matter,
And found how they the things did scatter ;
Here a Trencher, there a Platter
were lying.

I dare not say he stunk for wo,
Nor will, unless I did it know ;
But some there be that dare say so,
that smelt him :

Nor could ye blame him if he did,
For they threw Dishes at his head ;
And did with Eggs and Loaves of Bread
bepelt him.

He thrust himself into the throng,
And us'd the vertue of his tongue ;
But what could one mans words among
so many ?
The

The Counter-Scuffle.

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The Candles were all shuffled out ,
The Vittles flew afresh about ;
Was never such a Combat fought

by any.

Now in the Dark was all the coyl ;
Some were bloody in the broyl,
And some lay steep in *Sallet-Oyl*

and *Mustard*.

The sight would make a man afeard :
Another had a butter'd Beard,
Anothers face was all besmeard

with *Custard* :

Others were dawb'd up to the knee
With butter'd *Fish* and *Furmittee* ;
And some the men could scarcely see

that beat'em. will.

Under the Board *Lluellin* lay,
Being sore frightened with the fray,
And as the weapons flew that way

*Lluellin a
prisoner
there some-
time the
Keeper.*

he eat'em.

The bread stuck in the windows all,
Like Bullets in a Castle-wall
Which furious foes did seek to scal

in Battle.
Shoulders

The Counter-Scuffle.

Shoulders of *Mutton*, and Loyns of *Veal*,
Appointed for to serve the Meal,
About their ears full many a Peal

did rattle ;

*One of the
Under-
Keepers:*

The which when *Own Blany* spide,
Oh, take away their Arms, he cry'd,
Lest some great hurt do them betide,

prevent it.

And then the Knave away did steal
Of food that fell, no little deal,
And in his house at many a meal

he spent it.

The *Captain* ran the rest among,
As eager to revenge the wrong
Done by the *Pot* which *Ellis* stong

. So stoutly :

And angry *Ellis* fought about
To finde the furious *Captain* out ;
At length they met, and then they fought

Devoutly.

Now being met, they never lin,
Till with their loud robustious din,
The Room and all that was therein

Did rumble.

Instead

The Counter-Scuffle.

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Instead of weapons made of Steel;
The *Captain* took a salted Eel,
And at each blow made *Ellis* reel
and tumble.

Ellis a *Pippin-Pie* had got,
A sorer weapon then the *Pot*;
For lo, the Apples being hot
did scald him.

The *Captain* laid about him still,
As if he would poor *Ellis* kill,
And with his *Eel* with a good will
He mall'd him.

At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art
A fellow of a couragious heart,
Yeild now, and I will take thy part
hereafter.

Quoth *Ellis*, much I scorn to hear
Thy words of Threat, being free from fear;
VVith which he hardly could forbear
from laughter.

Together then afresh they fly,
The *Eel* against the *Pippin-Pie*:
But *Blany* stood there purposely
to watch 'em.
The

The Counter-Scuffle.

The weapons wherewithal they fought,
VVere those for which he chiefly fought,
And with an eager stomach thought
to catch 'em ;

But scap't not now so well away
As at the *Veal* and *Mutton* fray ;
He thought to have with such a prey
his jaws fed :

But all his hope did turn aside,
He lookt for that which luck deny'd,
For *Ellis* all be-pippin-py'd
his Calves-head.

VVo was the case he now was in,
The hot Apples did scald his skin ;
His Skull as it had rotten bin,
did quoddle.

VVith that one fool among the rout
Made out-cry all the house about,
That *Blany's* Brains were beaten out
his Noddle :

*A Turn-
key, a fat
fellow.*

Which *Lockwood* hearing, needs would see
Whar all this coyl and stir might be ;
And up the Stairs his Guts and he
went wadling.

But

The Counter-Scuffle.

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But when he came the Chamber near,
Behind the Door he stood to hear;
For in he durst not come for fear

of swadling :

There stood he in a frightful case ;
And as by chance he stirr'd his face,
Full in the mouth a butter'd Playce
did hit him.

Away he sneakt, and with his tongue
He lickt and swallow'd up the wrong,
And as he went the Room along,
be----him.

For help now doth poor *Lockwood* cry,
O bring a Surgeon or I die,
My guts out of my belly flie ;
come quickly.

Blany with open mouth likewise
For present help of Surgeon cryes ;
Pitty a man, quoth he, that lyes
so sickly.

Phillips the skilful Surgeon then,
Was call'd, and call'd, and call'd agen,
If he had skill to cure these men,
to shew it.

D

At

The Counter-Scuffle.

At length he comes, and first he puts
His hands to feel for *Lockwoods* Guts ;
Which came not forth so sweet as Nuts,
All know it.

He cryes for water. In the mean
One calls up *Madge* the *Kitchin-quean*,
To take and make the Baby clean,
and clout it.

Fast by the Nose she took the Squall,
And led him softly th'row the Hall,
Lest the perfume through knees should fall
about it.

She turn'd his Hose beneath the knee,
Nor could she chuse but laugh to see
That yellow which was wont to be
a white breech.

She took a Dish-clout off the shelf,
And with it wip't the sh----- Else,
Which had not wit to help it self,
Poor ----- breech.

Thus leaving *Lockwood* all beray'd
Unto the mercy of the Maid,
Who well deserved to be pay'd

For taking
Such

Such homely pains: Now let us cast
Our thoughts back on the stir that's past,
And them whose Bones could not in haste
Leave aking.

And like the Candles, shall my Pen
Shew you these Gallants once agen;
Which now like *Furies*, not like men,
Appeared.

Fresh lights being brought t'appease the Brall
Shew twenty mad-men in the Hall,
With Bloud and Sauce their faces all
Besmeared:

Their Cloathes rent and souc'd in Drink,
Oyl, Mustard, Butter, and the stink
Which *Lockwood* left, would make one think
In sadness,

That these so monstrous creatures dwell
Either in Bedlam, or in Hell,
Or that no tongue or pen can tell
Their madness.

They were indeed dis-figured so,
Friend knew not friend, nor foe-man foe;
For each man scarce himself did know:

But after

The Counter-Scuffle.

A frantick staring round about,
They suddenly did quit their doubt,
And loudly all at once brake out
in laughter.

The heat of all is now alaid,
The Keepers gently do perswade ;
And (as before) all friends are made,
full kindly.

Ellis, the *Captain* doth imbrace,
The *Captain* doth return the grace,
And so do all men in the place,
as friendly.

By *Jove* I love thee, *Ellis* cry'd;
The *Captain* soon as much reply'd :
Thou art, quoth he, a man well try'd ;
and *Vulcan*

With *Mars* at odds again shall be,
Ere any jars 'twixt thee and me ;
And thereupon I drink to thee
a full Can.

And then he kneel'd upon the ground.
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round
For ever shall be held renown'd :
and never
May

The Counter-Scuffle.

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May any Quarrel 'twixt us twain
Arise, or this renew again,
But may we loving friends remain
for ever.

Amen, cry'd the *Captain*, so did all,
And so the Health went round the Hall ;
And thus the famous *Counter-Braull*
was ended.

But hunger now did vex 'em more
Than all their anger did before ;
They searcht i'th' Room how far their store
extended.

They want the Meat which *Blany* stole ;
One findes a *Herring* in a hole
With durt and dust black as a coal,
and trodden

All under feet. The next in post,
Snaps up and feeds on what was lost,
And looks not whether it were rost,
or sodden ;

A third findes in another place
A piece of *Ling* in durty case,
And *Mustard* in his fellows face.

Another
Espies

The Counter-Scuffle.

Espies, and findes a Loaf of Bread,
A Dish of Butter all bespread,
And stuck upon anothers head

ith' pother.

Thus what they found contented some :
At length the Keeper brings a Broom,
Meaning therewith to cleanse the Room
with sweeping.

But under Table on the ground
Looking to sweep, by chance he found
Lluellin, faining to be found-

ly sleeping.

He pull'd him out so swift by th' heels,
As if his bum had run on wheels,
And found his pocket stuff with *Eeles* :

His Cod-piece

Did plenty of provision bring,
Somewhat it held of every thing,
Smelts, Flounders, Rochets, and of Ling
A broad piece.

At this Discovery each man round
Took equal share of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely drown'd
in good Drink.

For

The Counter-Scuffle.

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For of good Beer there was good store,
Till all were glad to give it o're ;
For each man had enough and more,
That would drink.

And when they thus had drunk and fed,
As if no Quarrel had been bred ;
They all shook hands, and all to bed
did shuffle.

Ellis, the glory of the Town,
With that brave *Captain* of renown :
And thus I end this famous *Counter-Scuffle*.



THE







To the Reader.



His Bacchanalian Night-prize of the Counter-Scuffle being thus finisht, hath ever since frightened both Prisoners and Taylors from coming into any room, for fear of a second Uproar. So that the Counter for want of sweet garnishing and cleanly looking to, is grown so nasty, that no man (by his good will) will thrust his Nose in at any of the Grates: Nay, will rather go a mile about, than come near it; Though to keep it sweet, a great deal of Mace is stuck upon every Serjeant, as if he were a Capon in white-broth.

Upon this slovenlineß, it is wofully haunted with rats; not such rats as run up and down in brew-houses, sucking the new wort of strong

E

Beer

Beer so long, and in such abundance, that half the City is compelled to drink Beer as small as water; Nor those Rats which are not mealy-mouth'd in Bake-houses, where they gnaw so many batches of Bread, that a Penny-loaf wants sometimes three or four ounces in weight. And then the honest Baker is blam'd, and curs'd, and (perhaps) innocently set in the Pillory.

Neither are they those Rats, which greaze their throats in Tallow-Chandlers shops, where they nibble so much upon Candles, that not one pound in an hundred is ever full weight.

No, these are no Rats with four Legs, but only two; and though they have nests in a thousand places of London, yet for the most part they run but into two Rat-traps, that is to say, The Counters of Wood-street and the Poultry, and for that cause are called Counter-Rats.

How caught, how mouz'd, and what they are,
This Picture lively doth declare.

The



THE Counter-Rat.

OF Knights and Squires of low degree ,
Of Roaring Boyes that stick and snee,
Of Battoon Dam-me's that cry bree,

I sing now.

At men and women, (bawds and whores)
At Pimps and Panders that keep Doores,
At all that out-face Vintners Scores,

I sing now :

What sing I ? Nothing but light Rimes,
Not tun'd as are Saint *Pulchers* Chimes,
No Steeples height my Muse now climes,

But flyeth

Close to the ground as Swallowes do,
When rainy weather must ensue,
She flies, and sings, and if not true,

She lyeth.

Lay

The Counter-Rat.

Lay (*Hocus Pocus*) thy Tricks by,
Let *Martin Parkers* Ballads die;
Thy Theaming likewise I defie

O Fenner.

Let *Hogsdens* Scrapers on their Base
Sound *fum-fum-fum* from rottred Case,
Nor Mean, nor Treble now take place,

But Tenor.

A Counter-Tenor is that note,
Too easie; --- tis nere sung by rote,
But got with wetting of your throat

with Claret,

Or stout March-Beer, or *VVindsor* Ale,
Or labour-in-vain (so seldom sale)
Or *Pymlico*, whose too great sale

did mar it.

He that me reads, shall fall out flat
VVith Homers Frog, and *Virgils* Gnat,
And *Ovids* Flea which so near sat

the Moon-shine.

For I of stranger *VVonders* write,
Of a wilde Vermin got each night,
Mad Bulls i'th' dark, but Gulls in sight

of Sun-shine.

My

My Metamorphosis is rare,
For Men to Rats transformed are,
And then, those Rats are Pris'ners fare,
O pittty !

But tis good sport to see them drest,
To garnish out a Mornings Feast,
Each bit being salted with a jest
scarce witty :

These are not Rats that nibble Cheese,
Or challenge mouldy crosts for Fees,
And rather will their long Tayles leese
than Bacon :

No, these are they whose guts being cram'd,
(As Cannons, hard with powder ram'd)
And Bag-pipe checks with VVine enflam'd,
are taken

By Constables and Bill-men eke,
VVho speak no Latine; French nor Greek,
But are Night-Sconces out to seek
Night-sneakers,

VVho late in Taverns up do sit,
VVhiffing Smoke, Money, Time, and VVit,
Pouring in Boulds till they out-spit
full Beakers.

These

The Counter-Rat.

These (then) being to the Counner led,
Each Pris'ner shakes his shaggy head,
And leaning half out of his bed,

A laughing
Falls,---and cries out---A Rat, a Rat.

Oh ! roars another ,--- Is he fat ?

If not,--- fley off his Cloak or Hat :

Thus scoffing
Till morn they lie.--- The poor Rat gets
Into some hole,--- besides his wits
To hear such catterwouling fits

So fright him :
But day being come,-- all up do rise,
And call for Beer to clear his eyes,
A Garnish then the whole Room cries ;

They bite him.
Ask any how such news I tell,
Of *Woodstreets* Hole, or *Poultrey's* Hell ?
Know, I did 'mongst those Gipsies dwell

that cuzzen there ;
I mean the Turn-keys and those Knaves,
Who rack (for Fees) men worse then slaves,
I saw brought in with Bills and Glaves,

Some duzzen there.

For

The Counter-Rat.

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For I one night by Rug-Gowns caught,
Was for a Rat to th' Counter brought,
What there my dear experience bought,
He sell ye

Cheaper then I could have it there,
For they for Tokens throats will tear ;
But such as'tis, fill with the chear
Your belly.

Prick up your ears,---for I begin
To tell what Rats, my night, came in,
Caught without Cat, or Trap, or Gin,
But mildly

Being cal'd before the Bench of Wits
Who sit out midnights Bedlam-Fits ;
But some being rid, like jades with Bits,
Ran wildly.

First, about twelve, the Counter-gates
Thunder'd with thumpings,--doors & grates
Reel'd at the peal,--when our prison-mates
Up starting

Saw in the Yard a frantick Swarm,
Crying, O my head, neck, sides, leg, arm ;
Sore had the fight been, but small harm
At parting :
It

The Country-Rat.

It was a VVatch, swearing we bleed,
But 'twas their Noses dropt in deed;
Masters(quoth they)we charge ye take heed
Of him there.

A Roaring Rat.

That Royfter, us to our trumps has put,
And run our Beadle th'row a gut;
His Bilbo has from each man cut
a limb here.

They gone, up comes the *Bredab* Bouncer,
His Tusks stiff starcht like a brave Mounser,
Of Turnbull-punks a staring Trouncer,
Some knew him.

VVhy here, quoth we? why? zounds because
I tugg'd with Bears, and par'd their pawes;
But sure I mauld Mr Constables jaws,
Or flew him.

All's one ---said one, please you to bed Sir?
He (swearing) roar'd, I'm better bred Sir,
I scorne to rock my Harnesse-Head Sir
In Feathers;
Give

The Counter-Rat.

209

Give me a Brick, Sir, for my bolster,
An Armourer still is my Upholster;
In frost, snow, muck-hills I can roll Sir,
hang weathers.

Rogue; fetch me a sweet truss of straw,
To fire thy tail--- Pox a this Law,
That coopes a Souldier like Jack Daw,

I't treason?
Rascal! more Claret. There's none here, Sir.
Why then (you mangy Cur) some Beer, Sir.
There's not a Tapster dares come neer, Sir.

Thy reason?
Because you thwack out such huge words, Sir,
His wezand fears them worse then swords Sir.
Mum then,-- I'll take a nap o' th' boards, Sir :
he sleeps there.

A Cross-legg'd Rat.

A Puritan Taylor then came in,
Who to take measure out had bin,
And (Maudlin drunk) to rince his sin,
he weeps there.
F Weeps

The Counter-Rat.

Weeps to be call'd a Rat, being known
A man at least,— so down being thrown
On a hard bench, thus did he groan

in sorrow :

Brethren, where am I ? one reply'd,
In VVood-street-Counter, — O my pride !
Thou art tane down, and I must hide

to morrow

A head that was not hid before,
VVo worth him makes *Manasses* roar;
But dye I may not in his score,

believe me :

For consolation I espie
Th'row my sweet Spanish needles eye,
The Sisters will (if here I lie)

relieve me.

Sisters i'th' Counter ! Oh no : here
Onely the wicked ones appear ;
VVash then thy shame in brinish tear,

Confessing

Th'art rightly punisht for thy Yard,
And for thy Goose which graz'd too hard,
And for some Stuffs which thou had marr'd
with pressing.

VVe

VVe ask'd him, why he was brought in?
Black threds of vice (quoth he) I spin;
And then agen did thus begin,
condoling:

All are not Fryars, I see, wear Cows; ;
Nor all in minc'd ruffs, milk-white souls;
I should have talk'd thus, when the bowls
were trocking:

But then to steal I held no harm,
Lappets of drink to keep me warm;
But linings wet, hurt, though they arm,
indeed-la.

O would my shears might cut my thred;
VVhy is this cross-legg'd mischief bred?
Mending my want from heal to head
with speed-la.

Sorrow has made me dry,— no matter,
Out of mine eyes will I drink water;
No other Ram my brains shall batter,
to kill me:

Roof, touch no more wines, French or Spa-
All drinks Papistical I banish, (nish,
Out of my lips this phrase shall vanish,
Boy, fill me--
One

The Counter-Rat.

One bid him call for Beer,-- he sed,
Oh! No more Beer,--- but reach me bread;
By that I'll swear--- would I were dead
and rotten,
When I agen swill ought but whay;
Yet lest (being cold) my zeal decay,
Hot waters shall not be one day
forgotten.

An old gray Rat.

THis done, he nods, and quickly snores;
And then afresh wide flie the doors,
An Usurer hedg'd in with mad whores
came wallowing;
As does a great Ship on the Seas,
Set on by Gallies, --- for, all these
Were Fish-wives, who had wine at ease
been swallowing;
And blown him up with penny-pots,
Of Sack, which fall to him by lots;
Pay'd him at weeks end by th' old Trots,
for shillings
Each

The Counter-Rat.

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Each Monday lent them, --- to buy Skate,
Crabs, Plaice, and Sprats at *Billingsgate* :

Thus then they met, and hold thus late

their drillings;

He rests in peace, --- but is not dead,

Yet is worms meat in lousie bed,

And lies like one wrapt up in lead,

none stirr'd him.

But all his Oyster-mouths gap'd wide,

(Wine in their guts was at full Tide)

The Devil did so their Rumps bestride,

and spurrd them :

They flung & winc'd, and kickt down staires

Themselves, and stamp't like Flanders Mares;

Hell is broke loose, -- no Keeper dares

approach them :

For, at that Dog (besawc'd in Sack.)

They gri'd their teeth, and curse him black;

Crying out, 'Tis thee does break our back,

and broach them

So fast, that all their gains boy'l out

Deep-red to dye his po' ky snout,

But, that which flung these brands about

so hotly,

Gaa

The Counter-Rat.

'Can now to quench them, sleep does sound
Retreat, dead-drunk they all lye drown'd
In cast-up wine, — and on the ground
the shot lie.

A Black Rat.

S' Carce was this hellish din allay'd,
But drencht in mire, with drink beray'd,
(New curried) was brought in a Jade
all Mettle;

An Estridge that Iron Bars could eat,
And strong Beer out of Sea-coals beat;
His Fifty-cuffs did the VVatch fret

and nettle:

This second Smug who had the staggers;
This Vulcanist, whose Nails were Daggers;
This Smith so arm'd in Ale, he swaggers
at snoring:

Though lockt up, yet set up his Trade;
Bolts, Hinges, Bars, and Grates he made
Fly, — which being heard, the Jaylors pay'd
his roaring;
They

They furnisht him with Iron enough,
Neck, Hands and Legs had armour tough,
And stronger (but more cold) than Buff,
to guard him.

How did they this? none durst come near him,
Like Tom of Bedlam did they fear him;
All bringing Cans, to pledge them, swear him,
so snar'd him:

Yet, for all this he danc'd in's shackles;
And cry'd, T'other pot, I want more tackles;
And thus (till break of day) it cackles.

Laid having

The addle Eggs of his turn'd brains,
In his iron nest of rusty chains,
VVhich made him lose both sence of pains,
and raving.

A Long-tail'd Rat.

THe next that in our little Ease
Came to be bit with Lice and Fleas,
Was a spruce knave, like none of these,
but sober ;
As

The Counter-Rat.

As the Strand May-pole,--- he did go ;
In ruff -- His thumb th'row Ring did show
A Gentleman seal'd,--- for he was no
hog grubber.

It was a Petty-fogging Varlet,
Whose back wore freez but bum no scarlet,
And was tane napping with his Harlot,
at noddy :

But being hal'd in, his hair he rent ;
And swore they all should dear repent
Their baseness,-- for no ill he meant
to her body.

The Prisoners askt then what she was,
(Quoth he) My Client-- One well to pass,
Though here they impound me like an Ass,
I'll ferk them ;

I'll make the Beadle pluck in's horn,
He flirted at my Note in scorn ;
The Watch shall stink, the Constable mourn:
I'll jerk them ;

Hang them (if need be) for they broke
Her house,--- That's Burglary,-- The Clock
Scarce counting two,-- Then they struck
o'ch' mazzard
An

The Counter-Rat.

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An action of strong Battery ! Good !
They made my Nose then gush bloud ;
(One more !)--- And that I mist the mud
was hazzard.

Here's Law in lumps :- Must, when to trial
My Client comes, I have denyal
For ingress to her , by Scabs ? A Ryall

I enter
At Midnight,--- a plain Case,-- else *Ployden*
The Case is altred :- shall each *Hoyden*
Bar Law her course ? Dare rustick *Royden*
so venture ?

A farthing-candle burning by,
By chance his railing rage did die,
Yet to his Brest, Revenge did cry :
so churning
His brains for Law-tricks how to sting them,
And up to all the Bars to bring them,
He sat, hard-twisting cords to wring them,
till morning.

*No more of this light skipping Verse ;
A dreery Table I now rehearse.*

G

Long

The Counter-Rat.

Long this brown study did not last,
But in, at Compter-gates as fast
Throng'd in the Watch again. A noise
Of scraping men and squeaking boys
Straight fill'd the house. The Two-penny-
Leap'd up and fell a dancing hard: (ward
Out at the Hole, all thrust their heads;
The Knights Ward left their seven-groat-
The Masters side hearing the din (beds:
Swore that the Devil was sure brought in:
But when they heard they Fidlers were;
Some curs'd the noise, some lent an ear:
None curs'd, but what went drunk to bed,
Being then for want of drink half dead.

Lock't were the Fidlers in a Room;
All cry'd, Strike up, Play Rogues, Fum fum.
The Minnikin tickled, roar did the Base;
Then bawdy songs, all sleep must chase;
The men play'd heavily, boys did whine,
Not seeing Meat, Mony, Beer, nor Wine:
Up such a laugh the Prisoners took,
That the Beds danc'd, and Chambers shook;
Nay, the strange hubbub did so please,
At Prison-bace ran both Lice and Fleas.

The

The Counter-Rat.

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The Rozzen rub'd off, the Cats guts weary,
VVe ask'd, how they who made men merry
Grew sad themselves, and why (like sprites)
Fidlers being strong to walk anights;
VVerre they lock'd up? — One then, iⁿ the eye
Putting his finger, told us why.
Quoth he, being met by a mad Crew,
In these poor cases — up they drew
Our Fiddles, and like Tinkers swore
VVe should play them to the Blue-Bore,
Kept by mad *Ralf* at Islington,
VVhole Hum and Mun, being power'd upon
Our guts, — so burnt 'em, we desir'd
To part; — being out o' th' house e'en fir'd:
As our hands play'd, our heads were plyed;
And, tho' the night was cold, we fryed;
For such hot waters sod our brain,
Like Daws in *June*, we gap'd for rain:
Strong were our Coxcombs, our legs weak;
VVe, nor our Fiddles had wit to speak.
The company then being fast asleep,
And we paid soundly, out did creep
Into the high-way — O sweet Moon!
We, but for thee, had been undone:

The Counter-Rat.

Yet, though thy torch to us was lighted,
VVe all might well have been indited
For breaking into others ground,
Three in one ditch being almost drown'd;
Yet out scrambled, and along (throng,
The Play-house came, -- where seeing no
We swore 'twas sure some scurvy Play,
That all the people so sneak'd away;
And so the Players descended were
To th' Star, Nags-head, or *Christopher*.

To all those Taverns (we cry'd) Let's go,
At which one fell, and then swore-- No.

The Bars in Smith-field well we past,
For all the Watch had run in haste,
Arm'd with chalk'd Bills, wak'd by a cry
Of Whore-dorps tane by th' enemy.
From Cow-Cross stood those stoves not far,
In which were entred men of war;
(Low-Country Souldiers late come o're)
Each one going in to press a whore.

Leaving them pressing, on we trot
Through the Horse-fair, till we had got
Into the middle of Long-lane,
Where up the Devil doth Brokers train.

There

There down we fell, and then fell out,
 Our leathern Cases flew about :
 VVe fenc'd, and foyn'd, and fought so long,
 That all our Fiddles lay half unstrung ;
 Their backs were broke, & we o'th'ground,
 Swouning for grief they did not sound :
 Our noise brought up from Aldersgate
 The rugged Watch, who before late
 Nodding at the old Mermaids dore ;
 VVho with a guard of half a score
 Seiz'd us, and cry'd, at going away,
 Sad *Lachrymæ* you there shall play.

This told, the Prisoners laught out-right ;
 And though the whole Ward had no light ,
 Yet from their beds all skipt and cry,
 Scrapers, strike up, we the VVatch defie.

The Moon so bold was to look in,
 And saw some onely in their skin,
 (Naked as Cuckowes when *June's* past)
 Some had long shirts down to their waste ;
 Some wanted back-parts, some an Arm ;
 None vvore a shirt could keep him vvarm :
 A French Boy that svveeps Chimnies, vvears
 His patch'd-up frock as vvwhite as theirs :

Some

The Counter-Rat.

Some on their heads no night-caps wore,
Some lapp'd their brows in hose all tore :
They hobble about, they frisk, they sing
So long, that crackt was every string,
By their rude horse-play altogether,
Flinging their legs they car'd not whither.
Such horrid noise, such stinking smell
Cannot be heard nor felt in hell :
Yet o'er they gave not, till the Sun
Arose, then all to bed did run.

Good-morrow.

THe Rats into the Trap that fell
That night, were few—The Constable
Belike did wink, and would not see ;
For, when the winds rise, his watch and he
Toss all that venture on their waves ;
The rocks being brown-bills, Clubs & staves
On which they split them—These and they
When morning comes are fetch'd away :
Those Rats o'er night whose shapes did leese,
Being soon turn'd men, by paying but fees ;
Yet some lose tail, some are scratcht bare,
Whilst Constables and Counters share.

F I N I S.

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